



MISS MAUD CASWELL.

*Photograph by Fowler.*

She is a nimble Sacramento girl, and has been traveling as one of the dancers in the Trilby Company, which was recently at the Baldwin.



THE APPETITE OF THIS DREAMY  
GIRL WAS APPALLING.

young Featherbraynes forever.

It is surprising, though, to a sane, v  
regulated mind, what a youth who is in  
will do for the object of his adoration.  
Going down Kearny street early one m  
ing this week I met young Snifkins on  
way to the Bank of Shavings, where he  
a position as book-keeper. It was on  
those nipping, nose-reddening frosty m  
ings such as sometimes get mixed up in  
weather shuffle out here in the glor  
climate of California, and I noticed that  
young friend was actually suffering f  
the cold. His fingers struck a chill to

very marrow as we shook hands, and he was positively blue around  
gills.

"Mercy me, Adolphus," said I, "how very imprudent and careless  
you to forget your overcoat on a morning like this!"

He smiled a sad, wan smile. "Forget it," he echoed, his teeth c  
tering like chestnuts, "why, my dear Miss Twiggs, I haven't any o  
coat to forget. Just let me step on this side of you while I talk, so tha  
case the sun comes out it will light on my back and thaw my shoulders  
a bit. No, a fellow can't have an overcoat and a girl, too, at Christ  
time unless he's a bloated bondholder or a millionaire like young Goca

# ROOS BROS.